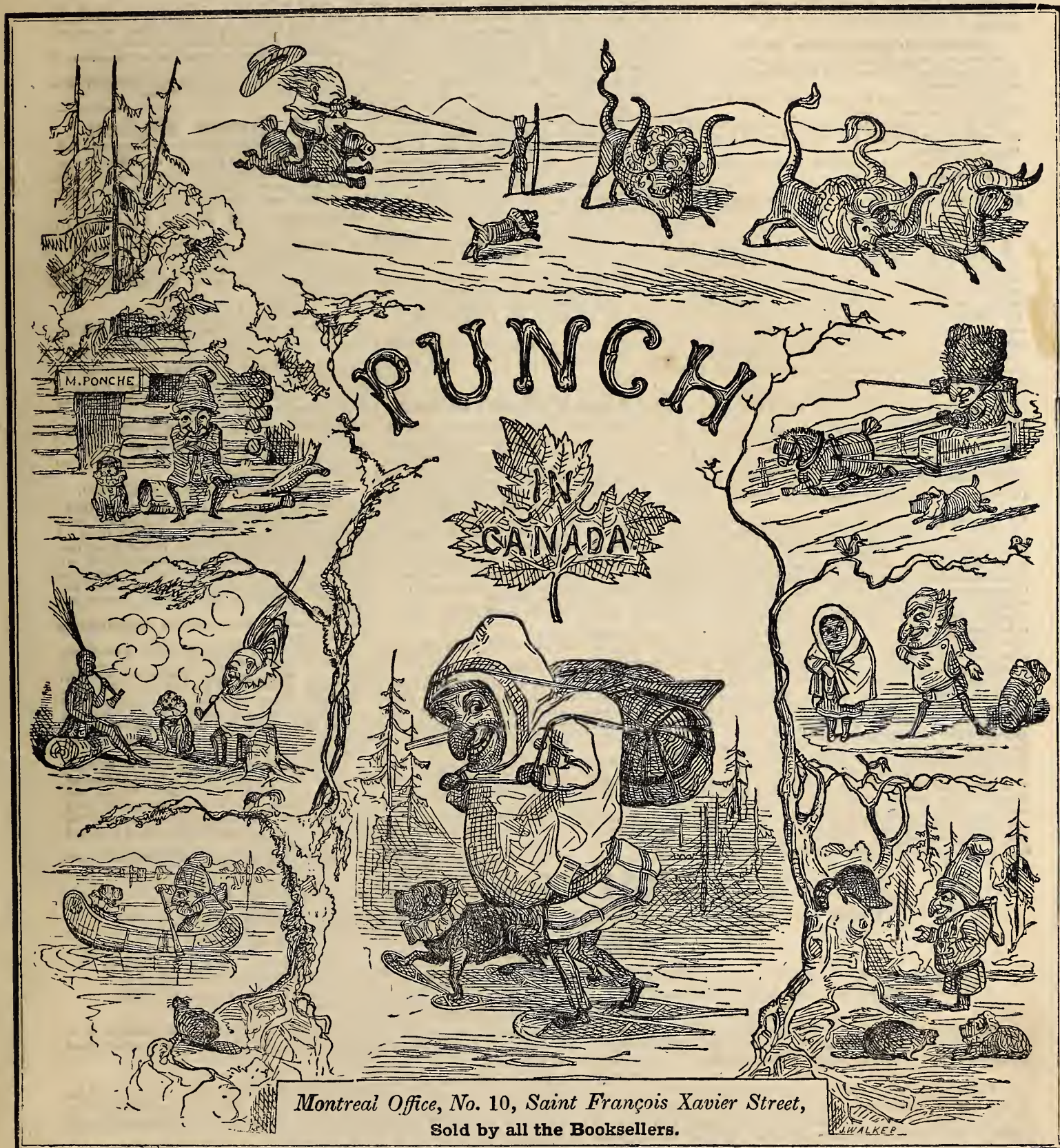


B. DAWSON, Bookseller and Stationer, avails himself of the columns of "PUNCH," to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from No. 137½ Notre Dame Street, to No. 2 Place D'Armes, adjoining Messrs. S. J. Lyman & Co.'s Drug Store, where he hopes, by central situation, varied Stock, and moderate charge, to secure a continuance of favours.

VOL. I.—No. 25.

DECEMBER 15, 1849.

PRICE, 4^D



SHIRLEY, by the author of "Jane Eyre"—PENDENNIS, by Thackeray—EGYPT and its MONUMENTS, by Dr. Hawkes—MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, for sale by JOHN MCCOY, Montreal, sole wholesale Agent for PUNCH in Lower Canada. Everybody's Almanac and Diary, for 1850—Drawing-Room Scrap Book, for 1850—Leaflets of Memory, with numerous illustrations, for 1850. J. MCCOY, Montreal.

COMPAIN'S RESTAURANT, PLACE D'ARMES.

MR. COMPAIN begs to inform the Public and Travellers that his GRAND TABLE D'HOTE is provided from one to two o'clock, daily, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty persons.

Dinner at Table d'Hote, 1s. 3d.

A commodious Coffee Room is on the premises, where Breakfasts, Dinners, and Luncheons may always be procured.

Societies, Clubs, and Parties accommodated with Dinners, at the shortest notice.

The Wines are warranted of the first vintage, and the "Maitre de Cuisine" is unequalled on the Continent of America.

N.B.—Dinner sent out. Private Rooms for Supper and Dinner Parties.

Saint George's Hotel, (late Payne's), PLACE D'ARMES, QUEBEC.

THE Undersigned, grateful for the distinguished patronage accorded him for the last six years in the ALBION HOTEL, (having disposed of the same to his Brother, Mr. A. RUSSELL), has the pleasure to announce, that he has Leased, for a term of years, the ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL, and, with a large outlay of money, Repainted and Furnished entirely with new FURNITURE, this very pleasantly located and commodious Establishment. He trusts his patrons will, in their visits the coming Season to his Hotel, find accommodation for their comfort far surpassing former occasions.

His Tariff of prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay will exceed more than one week.

WILLIS RUSSELL.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec, April, 1849.

TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

Under the Patronage of the Honorable the East India Company.

THIS SALVE, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing Cures performed by it in both these countries, has been introduced into Montreal. As might be lately expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes. The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily preclude their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used

with the most complete success,—such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White Swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Steam boat Explosions, or other cause, Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gunshot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bunions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ringworm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this salve. It is very portable—will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife on any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

See Wrapper and Public Papers, for further Certificates. None genuine unless the Proprietor's name is on the wrapper.

Sold in Montreal by J. S. LYMAN, Place d'Armes; SAVAGE & Co., Notre Dame Street; URQUHART & Co., Great Saint James Street; and LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, and in all the Principal Cities of Canada.

All letters must be post-paid, and addressed to Messrs. SOMMERVILLE & Co., Post Office, Montreal.

For the Public Good.

THAT excellent Ointment the POOR MAN'S FRIEND, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy of every description, and a certain cure for ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty years' standing; cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, chilblains, ulcers, scorbutic eruptions, pimples in the face, weak and inflamed eyes, piles, and fistula, gangrene, and is a specific for those eruptions that sometimes follow vaccination.—Sold in pots at 1s. 9d.

OBSERVE!—No Medicine sold under the above name, can possibly be genuine, unless "BEACH and BARNCOOT, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport," is engraved and printed on the stamp affixed to each packet.

Agents for Canada,

Messrs. S. J. LYMAN, CHEMIST, Place d'Armes

WAR OFFICE!—Segar Depot!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

JOHN ORR, NOTRE DAME STREET, has constantly on sale, at his Old Establishment, CHOICEST BRANDS OF SEGARS, in every variety, comprising Regalias, Panatellas, Galanes, Jupiters, LaDeseradas, Manillas, &c. &c.

Strangers and Travellers are invited to inspect his Stock, he having for years been celebrated for keeping none but GENUINE SEGARS. A lot of very old and choice Principles of the Brands of CRUZ & HYOS, STAR, and the celebrated JUSTO SANZ. Orders from any part of the Provinces, punctually executed.

YOUNG'S HOTEL, HAMILTON.

THE most convenient, comfortable, and best Hotel in the City. Travellers can live on the English Plan, with private rooms and attendance, or can frequent the Table d'Hote, which is always provided with the delicacies of the season.

Omnibusses always in attendance on the arrival of the Boats.

N.B.—Punch is an authority on Gastronomy. For further particulars, apply at his Office.

Fall Goods Fallen!

THAT goods manufactured expressly for a fall, should tumble is not to be wondered at! but that they should be up and down at the same instant of time may appear strange! But "truth is stranger than fiction," and MOSS and BROTHERS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Clothing, &c., 180 St. Paul-St.,

Assert that their Fall Goods are up in quality and down in price. But all the ups and downs are not so advantageous to the

PUBLIC OF MONTREAL!

As the before mentioned ups and downs of MOSS. THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT, is gone up and Montreal is down (in the mouth.)

Rigid economy will soon purse up the mouth of Montreal with smiles, and by purchasing their Winter Clothing at

MOSS' FAR-FAWED MART, the careful man will best practice that best of all virtues and repair the "RUIN and DECAY" so piteously spoken of in the

GREAT ANNEXATION MANIFESTO.

A saving of 40 per cent. is granted to all WHOLESALE and RETAIL customers of Moss and BROTHERS, whose Stock is the largest ever offered for sale in any concern in the City. In the Retail Department will be found every article of Fall and Winter Clothing. In the Wholesale all descriptions of Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Furs, &c. &c., and a complete assortment of Buttons and Trimmings.

Clothes made to order under the superintendence of a First rate Cutter.

MOSS & BROTHERS, 180 St. Paul Street

JOHN MCCOY, Bookseller, Stationer, and Printseller, No. 9, Great St. James Street.—Framing in gold and fancy woods.—Books Elegantly Bound.—Engraving in all its varieties.—Lithography executed, and the materials supplied.—Water Colours, Bristol Boards, Artists, Brushes, &c., always on hand.

A regular and constant supply of NEW PUBLICATIONS, in every department of Science, General Literature and Fiction, from England, France, and the United States, and Orders made up for every departure of the Mails and Expresses.—All the NEW NOVELS, PERIODICALS, and PUBLICATIONS, on hand.

PUNCH IN CANADA.

Having been daily increasing in strength, will henceforth be a WEEKLY Publication.

TERMS, CASH.

Subscription for the year ending 1st January, 1850, entitling the Subscriber to the back numbers 7s. 6d.

Subscription for one year, from date of payment 15s. 0d.

Subscriptions for any portion of a year will be received.

DISINTERESTED ADVICE.—Punch advises his country cousins to send their subscriptions to his office in Toronto, or to John McCoy's, Montreal, or to the Booksellers in their neighbourhood, as, on and after the 1st January, 1850, the price to Non-Subscribers, away from the Metropolis, will be increased one half-penny to pay for the postage.—BOOKSELLERS "when found make a note of."

ADDRESS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

An illustrated title-page and index will be given at Christmas to all Subscribers in Montreal, and forwarded by post to all in the country; and the quality of paper now being manufactured expressly for the lion-hearted Punch, and the artists and engravers now at work preparing designs for a new Frontispiece, and a series of profusely illustrated articles by the authors of Punch's being, will render Punch in Canada, as a literary and artistic publication, an honour to the province which has so well fostered and protected this jolly specimen of Home Manufacture.

Punch informs every body that Mr. J. McCoy, of Montreal, has the entire wholesale agency for Lower Canada.

Toronto, December 15, 1849.

A GREAT TRAVELLER.

Mr. B. Hamburger (what is the gentleman's name in English?) of No. 15 King Street, sells wines, cigars, and tobaccos,—that is to say, he wishes to sell these articles; and for the purpose of accomplishing his wish, he has issued a circular in which he asserts of the aforesaid wines, cigars and tobaccos, that “he SELECTED THEM IN PERSON, AND IMPORTED THEM DIRECT.”

Mr. B. Hamburger must be a wonderful man, a Baron Munchausen, a Gulliver, a Mungo Park, a Sinbad the Sailor, all rolled into one. What a determination he must have possessed of getting the real *genuine* thing for his customers, when he took the trouble of visiting the various wine-pressing and tobacco growing countries, which he must have done, if, as he asserts, “he selected them *in person* and imported them *direct*.” Punch fancies he sees him tossing on the Atlantic with an unpleasant interior sensation, bent on visiting the sunny fields of Ardennes with the fell purpose of investing capital in a basket of champagne; again, regardless of danger, Punch sees him riding with the desperation of a “*Times* courier,” over the bloody fields of Germany; and, being taken for a spy, amidst a shower of bullets discharged from a patent rifle he escapes only through the fleetness of his horse, and reaching “*Metternich*” completes his purchase of one bottle of “*that Johannisberg*.” His interview with Queen Isabella respecting the pint of Port and the account of the glass of Sherry, seized on the frontiers of Spain,—his conversation with the Sultan on the price of the best Turkish,—his astonishment when in Virginia he found himself the purchaser of a nigger head (and body) instead of the ounce of negro-head tobacco he thought he was bidding for, —and his adventures in the West Indies, the Brazils, South America, and the thousand other places he visited, to select his stock “in person and import it direct,” are highly interesting; but hitherto Mr. B. H. has kept them to himself, or tells them only to his customers on their purchasing the several articles of his stock, to each of which is attached some recollection of hair-breadth ‘scapes, or some mysterious legend of £ s. d.

PUNCH IN CANADA'S LETTERS.

To His Excellency the Right Honorable James, Earl of Elgin and Kincardine &c. &c. &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY:

Here we are in Toronto. But here, if you wish to prevent the dismemberment of the Empire of your Royal Mistress: if you desire to serve the country you are paid £7000 a year to govern, here you must not stay. Personally I can have no ill-feeling against your Excellency; my opposition to you is purely political. It may be mistaken; at least, it is honest. As a husband, as a father, as a man desirous to disseminate the blessings of education; and anxious to promote the happiness of the meanest over whom you rule: you are entitled to the esteem of all. As a politician you are rash even to madness: and short-sighted almost to blindness. You have raised a whirlwind which you can neither guide nor arrest. You have destroyed the foundations of authority in Canada, it will require an abler hand than yours to build them up again. And yet you may have been an unwitting instrument; the combustibles were there, the train was laid: your hand did but apply the torch. The old Colonial system of Government was unsound: it might have been likened to a rotten tree root; trunk and branches, all decayed: A mass of Touchwood. It stood in Montreal. It crumbled away exposed to the heat of the Rebellion Bill. It disappeared in the flames of the Parliament House. It is dust and ashes: And yet you think it exists, and not you alone but many well meaning persons share your delusion. Because you are called Governor! because you have a certain number of Gentlemen termed Executive Councillors, and understand me, whether these are called Hineks and Lafontaine or McNab and Cameron, the case is the same; because you have a Parliament! because you give the Royal assent to laws: and because all the

machinery of governing a nation seems to be at work, you fancy Canada has a Government and some Canadians fancy they are governed. It is all a myth. The system is dead, what is true of the whole is true of the parts: all you government people are parts, therefore you are all dead. As individuals you have vitality, but in what relates to the functions supposed to be delegated to you, by the people from whom all power springs, you are absolutely and undeniably defunct.

May it please Your Excellency.

I will prove my assertion.

The will of the people determines their form of Government. Its vital principles are their sympathy and affection. Without these it has none. What sympathy and what affection has the people of Canada for their present system of Government? Ask those who rebelled in '36 and '37; enquire of the British League: demand of the Annexationists; listen to the mutterings of party-hacks who support you and your fellow myths because in so doing they “support their party”; read the owl-like letter of Mr. Robert Baldwin to Mr. “Wete and Flower”; hear the owl turned cuckoo with the endless note of “party! party!! party!!!” For years Canada has been a living body tied to a carcase hourly growing more and more putrid. Ignorance, and ignorance alone has prevented the people of England from long since insisting on a burial place being provided for the loathsome thing. And you, my Lord, would embalm it, and how? With the over-proof spirits of political prostitution: perfumed with the essence of rats (musk-rats of course); and a feeble extract of opposition benches. My lord, my lord, the people of Canada has willed that the carcase shall be cut away: that its hideousness shall no more be hid by gaudy trappings; that it and its pestilential exudations of high-salaried embalmers, needless expenditure, law-leeches, party politics and party plundering, shall be swept into the ocean of time and be no more known in the land. This must be done, my Lord, and this will be done, because not one man can be found in Canada who advocates “things as they are”; and it is this phase in Provincial politics which is almost unprecedented. A change is inevitable. But what change? There is but one either “practicable or desirable,” and that is Annexation; but not to the neighbouring Republic; not to Yankee knavery, not to Yankee dishonesty, not to Yankee poverty; and as a nation, the Yankees are poor; but to England. Since the days of Edmund Burke this subject has not been considered by British Statesmen, because England lost the Thirteen States from insisting on her right to tax them without granting them Colonial Representation. People are wiser in these days. A considerable party in this country would willingly allow the United States to tax them, through their Representatives, knowing that peace and good government must be paid for. Can not Canada negotiate for terms with England. She will annex herself to the States or to England. It will require a general organization of men of all politics to accomplish either. The Representative of Her Majesty should lead the British party. A large proportion of that party will not be led by you; they repudiate you as the Yankees do their debts. By remaining here you injure their cause and promote that of their enemies.

Once more imploring you to go home,

I remain your obedient servant,

PUNCH IN CANADA.

A WONDERFUL DIGESTION.

“A Digest of Cases” is announced by Mr. John Hillyard Cameron. What cases has Mr. Cameron been digesting? Can he have digested the fifteen hundred pounds worth of packing cases made for the removal of the furniture and fire-wood of the Government officials? If so, his digestive powers must be extraordinary. He must be case-hardened. If Mr. Cameron can stomach the present administration, who are a set of the hardest cases in Canada, will he oblige Punch by digesting them? Mr. Cameron may have digested the cases first alluded to, but will the people digest their cost?



RANDOM SHOTS, FROM A RIFLEMAN AT MICA BAY.

Miker Bay (no date up here, wich is lost.)

DEAR HUGGINS,

On cartritch paper, with ink made of gun-powder dilewted with Superior water, and with a hiron pen constitewted out of a ramrod, I trace these lines, my covey, with a steady 'and but a bitter art. It is not the part of a so'ger to repine at the vissitudes wich the 'Oss-Guards imposes upon him in the tower of his dooty, but wen a Rifle has nothink left upon him but his Stoek, I say he is not by no means sieh a Bow as the 'Oss Guards would have him be; and cander compels me to state that my sitewation at the present riting, is one in wich Private feelings of deecency struggles for mastery with Corporal Retchedness. Now, Huggins, don't you tell anythink about this to Mary Hann at the top of Bay Street, wich might Arrow her feelings for the fate of her Bow, and wich poor girl's last gift of a hawburn lock—(it wasn't red, was it, Huggins?)—at present shares with many other eurosities, the scalp department of the mewzeum of a Haboriginal nobleman with an edd like a copper biler. Eaven knows my art-strings is twined about that hawburn lock! But, a trooce with scentiment;—and to the courser scines in a soldier's eheckered life, as Peter Quin said of the 79th ighlanders, in fascetious allewsion to their tartan legs. The fust thing, old feller, that strikes a stranger on coming to these parts, is generally a tommy-hawk,—an instrewment wich the Haboriginal uses with remarkable skill and pre-cishun, in the most delicate as well as the ruder hoperations of domestick husbandry;—from pairing his flourishing toe-nails, to cutting a sliver off his Bare 'ams, wich is a meat wich many shews here in preference to Dear mutton. If anythink strikes the visiter after that, it will be, perhaps, the wonderful haptitude wich

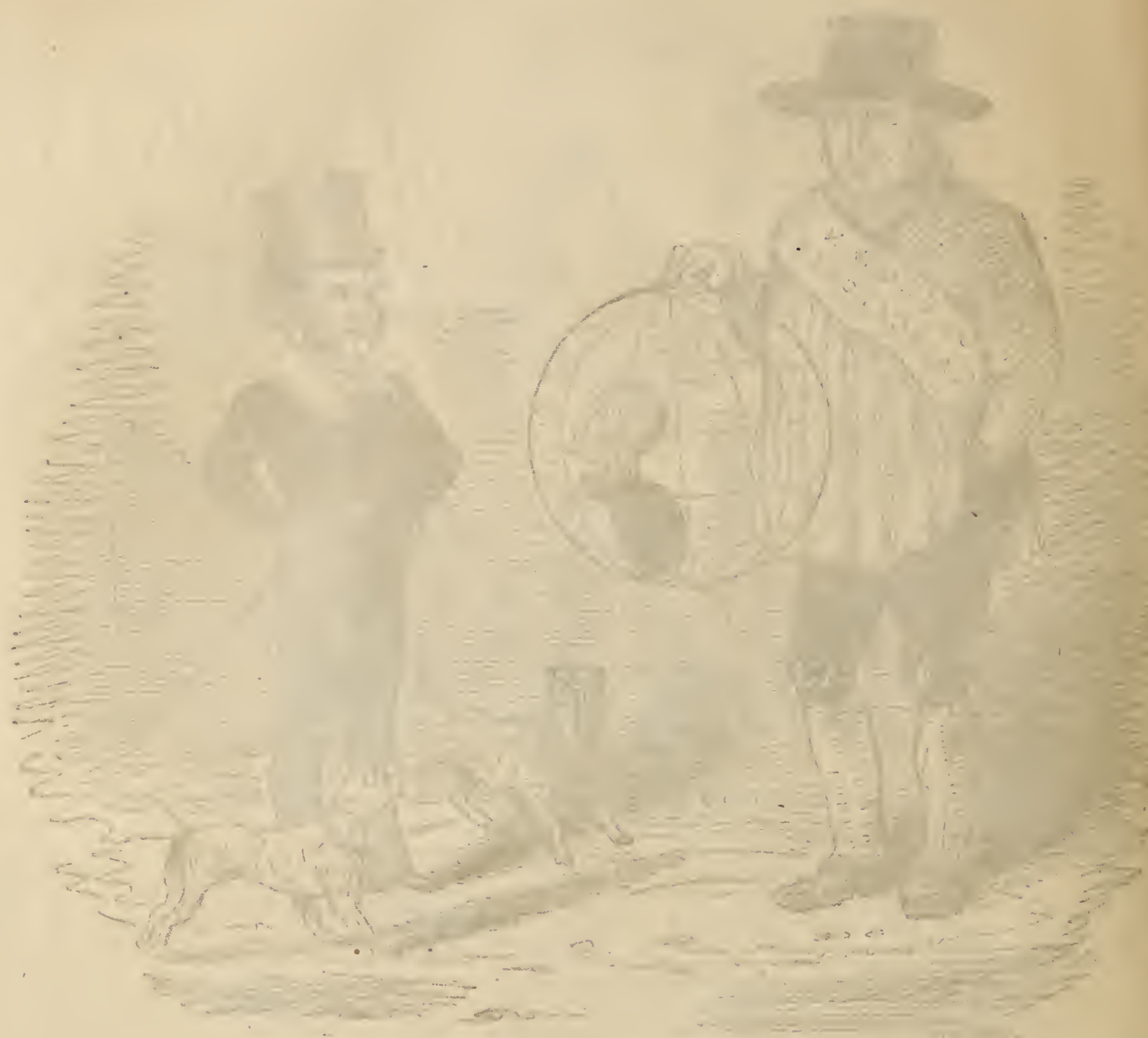
these red creechers hexibit in cateching up the hairs of the swyvelized millingtary man. At this moment a squad of what they calls *papooses* here,—but I calls 'em copper miners, on account of their tender years and penny-ha'penny compleckshins,—a squad of them little devils, dressed in natur's euniformal of tighty-brown, is a drilling out in the open air, and the byrometer, I can't tell how many degrees below Nero. In another corner of the lance-eape, field-sports of a pekewliar disposition is in full hoperation. It is a meeting of the tox-hofilite club of Miker Bay;—an institewshun wich includes every body here,—the redskins doing of the harchy, and the wite folk enjoying a ansome post in the sitewashun of target,—everybody being considered a bull's-eye all round the third button of his veskit. Bugler Cheeks, of our company, is the present wictim of fashnibble sportivity. Being a favourite here with the gentle secks, on account of his mewsick, he has been allowed to retain his euniformal, and the game is tying him up to a tree and shooting at him with blunt harrows, wich only goes in about a inch and sticks,—for the creechers is wonderful careful not to hurt. I have an itching for Mary Hann, wich I enelose you to give her. It exhibts the scine,—she will excuse its course-ness. But swyvelization has not marched up here with the Rifle Brigade, nor is it for the Oss Guards to put it in orders. We are not egzackly prisoners here, only we couldn't get away if we wanted, and our haxions is subject to a rayther unpleasant control,—as our clothing is all taken from us, and I have nothink upon me ecept a coat of blue paint, wich would be a great saving in buttons if the Prinse would only put the army into it. Our Commizary Officer is painted yaller, by way of compliment, and the warriors generally has him employed making soup out of wild cats or sieh like, wich is reckoned game up here. Most of our



THE RAT CATCHER.

RAT CATCHER.—“Buy a Rat, Master? One of the real Sherwood Forest sort, and warranted to give good sport.”

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—Would n't have it at any price. Do n't like the looks of it.



THE RAT CATCHER

THE RAT CATCHER. A SATIRE ON THE POLITICAL AND SOCIAL STATE OF THE COUNTRY. BY J. H. STODOLSKY. LONDON: PUBLISHED BY J. H. STODOLSKY, 1851.

THE RAT CATCHER. A SATIRE ON THE POLITICAL AND SOCIAL STATE OF THE COUNTRY. BY J. H. STODOLSKY. LONDON: PUBLISHED BY J. H. STODOLSKY, 1851.

company Officers is made chiefs and tattooed all over, wich is a tattoo *they* never expected to turn in with wen jining their mess; ---and they makes a lanced corperl of a man in a minute, by touching him delegately up with a spear. O, Huggins, I wish the Oss Guards was up here dont I, that's all;---though I egspect, wen the Hiron Dook comes to hear of this, there'll be a crow to pluck with some folks in Canada, and no Saxe to hold the feathers, There's a seroo loose somewares, and if the Haboriginals hadn't been done by the Govmt, Mary Hann of Bay Street wouldn't ave to deplore the habsence of her true soger. We ain't wanted up here---that's the wust of it;---there's no breech of the peace, nor any breeches at all among the stowical red creechers as I can see, but a universal owl for justice goes up to eaven in a manner orrible to ear. There's a war dance or some sich selebrashun going on before my abused eyes this very minnit. Squaws of all sizes is dancing in a ring, to the mewsic of Cheeks's bugle, he being out on paroll for that purpose;---there aint nothink much to talk of in the way of dress;---sich a peel of belles I never sec. One of 'em dont dance so bad; and skantily decorated as she is with nothink on but my shako; her fine phigger shines out in the morning sun like a copper east of Tallyony. Dont shew this to Mary Hann on no accounts; but give her the enclosed, containing my scalp, wich was obligingly removed for me by a faseeeshus young warrior friend. Poor Mary Hann!--she will sometimes ile the Lock of her Rifle with her tears. Ajew, Huggins, and pray eaven to put a more propishus sky over

Your unhappy comrade,

GILES GRUBB,

Rifleman.

To Corperl HUGGINS,
Rifle Brigade, Toronto.

MONTREAL TWISTERS.

The following paragraphs are taken from the report published in the *Montreal Gazette*, of the annual Thistle Curling Club dinner.

"Mr. Shipway sang, "Here's a health to the Queen, God bless her."

Mr. A. Heward sang "Rule Britannia."

Now Messrs. Shipway and A. Heward are signers of the Address declaring that her Majesty's reign is by no means conducive to their individual prosperity or to that of the country they inhabit. They are not paid vocalists, who, for a guinea and a dinner, would sing "Here's a Health to old Satan," or "Rule Apollyon," with equal nonchalance and effect: but they are private gentlemen and good fellows, desirous of promoting the social enjoyment of their friends, therefore they do themselves injustice; and wrong their friends by chanting loyal songs, the soul-inspiring words of which must fall from disloyal lips spiritless and tame,---and tame and spiritless singing is by no means agreeable. Punch pities the Curlers on the occasion alluded to, and recommends Messrs. Shipway and A. Heward, if they have any desire to do justice to their fine voices and masterly style of singing, to study "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia." There was one song sung by Mr. Greenshields after the toast of the "Quebec Curling Club, and the Curling Clubs of Canada," which Punch does not rightly understand, unless Curlers are Tee-totalers. The song was, "Round the Tee." Is a Curling dinner, tea and toast, or what connexion has a song celebrating a party sitting "Round the tea" with the toasts usually given at a dinner? although dinner toasts and tea-toasts resemble each other in the important essential of being disagreeable unless well buttered.

Punch might have anticipated that in the Montreal Thistle Curling Club numerous Twisters would be found, seeing that curling is twisting. Weeds also might be expected in a Thistle Club: but the wonderful twists displayed at the Club dinner in Montreal by the weeds of annexation, Messrs. Shipway and A. Heward, must have caused the lips of many a keen-witted Curler to curl with suppressed laughter, at hearing them shouting the loyal strains of "Here's a health to the Queen, God bless her," and "Rule Britannia."

PUNCH'S PEPYS' DIARY.

1st December, 1867.—Walking through Holmes' Park, that was the old French Square, did pause to see the Fountain, which they now do call the Washington Squirt; but which I do remember old Sandy Simpson proud when it first did play. Boys at play there, and much sport by blowing the water in the faces of the female passengers, which made me think of the watering of roses with a small garden-pot. Then to the Parliament, to see ye Battle of Mile-End, painted on two miles canvass. General John Bailey Turner there as large as life, on a spavined horse, and hewing down the British with a bowie-knife. Also Brigadier Ben Holmes in the distance of the picture sitting on a flour-barrel and bleeding at ye nose, which made me laugh to see, though melancholy to think of. And in the fore-ground John Rose, dressed like a Scottish Chief, which methought a poor conceit, and better had been the uniform of ye Tomkins Independent Blues.

3rd December, 1867.—My wife and I in a cab to the American Museum, which Moses Hays did build, and where I do remember Jem Wallack act the first time it was opened for a play-house. Lectures there on Republicanism, by a sallow, poor-looking old man, one Harrison Stephens, who did afterwards stand on his head and suck a Sherry-Cobbler, at which much laughter. Afterwards a comic song by Frank Johnson, with a sneezing chorus whereat my wife in fits, saying she do remember Frank always considered up to snuff. Frank grown somewhat stout as I think, and wearing a brown wig. Then to the Ladies American Coffee-House, where had supper of clam-soup, and my wife a brandy-smash, I preferring ye cocktails of gin. Much sport here betting on the election for President, though their tickets I do not understand,---but Tully, seemingly a great man, and his picture up in most ye public houses, which did make a poor African cry, reminding him of ye Ourang-outang of his native mountains. Home by moonlight and to bed, where my wife did make me a gift of a blue woollen night-cap, which do remind me of the people called French Canadians in the olden time.

9th December, 1867.—To-day to bottle up some good strong beer, and gave a shilling for doing the same to one John Molson, a ragged old man but very handy at this work. My wife do laugh much at his legs, for which I did chide her, quoting some scripture to her shame. Afterwards to the Tully Bowling Saloon, where saw Jacob DeWitt wrangling with John Gordon Mackenzie, about a strike, they wanting John Dougall to decide; but John asleep on the benches, which now seemeth his great delight, and would not be made umpire. Home at dusk, and to reading an old number of the *Montreal Courier*, terribly fierce and loyal to ye Queen of England. To bed late, and did dream of John Bailey Turner on ye spavined horse.

LIBERAL EDITORS.

Liberal Editors are men who allow no one to differ in opinion from themselves; therefore when two liberal editors quarrel, the style in which they blackguard each other is highly amusing to an unconcerned looker on. The *Globe* and the *Examiner* are delicious specimens of two fighting liberals. They were once great friends, of course they know something of each other, and if either of them be worthy of belief, one or the other is about the most unscrupulous, and unconscionable, and time serving and corrupt scoundrel in existence? Which of them is it? Punch is sleepless with anxiety until the question is decided.

EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE.

Job or somebody else remarked that every man had his price, and yet Mr. Malcolm Cameron objects to the Ministers having theirs. How could any one buy Ministers if they had no price, besides, that which has no price is usually worthless. However, Mr. Malcolm Cameron looked at the question in another light,---he thought that getting rid of the present Commissioner of Crown Lands and giving the office to him, would make the present a priceless Ministry.

PUNCH AND HIS PAPA.

Know ye the City where Butchers and Tailors
Are emblems of men who were done in my time,
Where the sighs of the victims, the grins of the railers
Now burst into swearing, now melt into brine?
Know ye the City of eggs and of stones:
Where grass-widows are dwelling in desolate homes;
Where Fortin the fearless, not loving the light:
Brought his troop from La Prairie in dead of the night;
Where Mackenzie and Rose would "annex" us "right off";
And Holmes and DeWitt spouted columns of froth?
If they had what they wanted, the comical elves,
They'd soon "up the spout" find their own precious selves!
Where the grocers are soft as the butter they sell,
And all, (save the people who don't) pay them well?
'Tis the birth-place of Punch; of that city he's son,
Can he smile when he thinks how his father's been done?
No! Salt are his tears when he ponders the larks
Of the Tories, the Bruce and the Government Clerks.

GLORIOUS OLD NORFOLK'S PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling hopes are fixed on Common Pleas,
Which now are dwindled to the slightest span,
Oh! let me batten on the public purse at ease.
The case of Crooks, my knavery bespeaks,
My actions all proclaim my lengthened ears,
And many a wrinkle in my shrivelled cheeks
Has been a channel for my knavish tears.
Yon Court, erected by the fiery Blake,
Made me a servile, fawning, truckling tool,
Corruption there her residence does take,
But though a knave don't make of me a fool.
Hard is the fate of a despised old rat,
Begging for parings of the Public cheesc,
Give me a slice of Ministerial fat,
Give me that Judgeship in the Common Pleas.
Oh, send me to its rogue-consoling shade,
Or I shall be most positively sold—
And though your choice the Judgment seat degrade,
Think I am poor, and miserably old.
Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling hopes are fixed on Common Pleas,
Which now are dwindled to the slightest span,
Oh! let me batten on the Public purse at ease.

SONGS OF SEPARATION.

NO. 2.

"The times, the times, the troubled times!"—
No song but this will sell;
It rings upon the Church-yard chimes,
Upon the dinner bell.
The wind that whistles down the bay,
And round Gibraltar point,
To every wave I hear it say,—
"The times are out of joint."

Old quacks about the patient go,
On amputation bent;—
Hold, bungler, there, that clumsy blow
Aimed with a foul intent!
If nought can save but hatchet law,
Go, axe thy way with fools;
But I will hold the good old saw,—
"Beware of sharp-edged tools!"

"Any employment here for a quill-driver?"—As the porcupine
said to the country editor.

"Wait a bit till I draw your tooth,"—As the artist said when he
sketched the elephant.

"What do you think of my dips?"—As the sperm-whale said
when he went down with the tallow-chandler.

JUDY'S PETITION,

addressed to the Patron Saint of Scotland, on seeing a Gentleman in
full Highland costume at the St. Andrew's Ball.

Blest shade of St. Andrew, proclaim if you please
Your wish that your votaries cover their knees;
Kilts cannot be pleasant in such freezy climes,
And look rather odd in these modern times.
We know your disciples, when broadcloth was rare,
Were obliged to dispense with breeches to wear,
Because their gude wives for themselves kept the pair,
And the petticoat left as the gude man's best share;
But believe me, dear Saint, the old Hieland passion
For bare legs and arms, is quite out of fashion,
Men might as well go to balls with nought but a sash on.

GRAND PUBLIC DINNER GIVEN BY HIS CONTITUEENT PARTS
TO J. H. PRICE, ESQ.

The great dinner at Powell's Hotel came off on Thursday. Many of the
Guests went to blow themselves out, and that they should afterwards
blow themselves up was a natural consequence. We have only room
for the following eloquent addresses:

Hon. J. H. PRICE said that he disliked the taste of public life: it was
bitter, very bitter—it was gall; but the sweets of the Treasury were
sugar, delicious sugar. Altogether the mixture was not unpleasant, but
his own disposition was so saccharine; that he cared but little for the
Treasury's golden Lollipops, his only desire was to mix the gall which
so discomfited the livers of his friends with honey from the hive of Res-
ponsible Government. (Unknown voice—Bunkum.) No, it was not
Bunkum, it was beer.

Mr. HINCKS explained why Mr. Malcolm Cameron had resigned.
The honorable gentleman saw that his friend Malcolm insisted on his
friend Price yielding up his crown land stick of barley-sugar. The said
barley-sugar to be delivered over for consumption to his friend Malcolm.
But as his hon'ble friend Price wanted the barley-sugar for himself, the
bad little Malcolm placed his (Malcolm's) sugar-candy at his colleagues'
disposal. But they cared but little for this, as they found ministerial
sugar-candy greatly in demand and it could be disposed of at an increased
rate: certainly the consumption of the friends of the *Examiner*—

The *Examiner* rose, with his hair standing on end—you are a liar.

The *Globe* loomed large—"you are another."

Mr. BALDWIN.—It's true.

Mr. HINCKS.—My colleague is —

The *Examiner*.—He isn't.

Voices.—Put him to bed.

The row continued for a considerable period. The *Examiner* was
effectually shut up; and eventually carried home on a shutter, much
disabled. After which, "the party" broke up in great confusion.

SINGULAR FACT.

Mr. H. J. Boulton has lately experienced much anxiety of mind,
to relieve which he bought in the market a dog's-eared edition of
the works of William Shakespere, and opening the volume he read—

"There's nothing to be got now a days, unless thou canst fish for it."

The Hon. Gentleman instantly procured a rod and line and has
been heard of, fishing for a Judgeship in some very dirty waters
near the Government House. Punch hopes he will never catch it.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

Mr. Henry Sherwood *thinks* that if Ministers would take his
opinion as to their appointments he would not be a bad judge.

Mr. F. G. Johnson, Mr. Rose, Mr. J. G. Mackenzie, the Magis-
trates and the Militia Officers who have lately advocated
Annexation, and the individuals with "more money than brains"
who have subscribed to support an "Annexation Press," *think* they
have made fools of themselves.

Lord Elgin *thinks* he'll be another year in Canada.

The Ministry *think* the move of the Seat of Government was a
move in the wrong direction.

Mr. Malcolm Cameron *thinks* he is better out of Office than in it.
The Lower Canadians *think* the Canadian Menagerie will be
exhibited at Quebec.